

THE

Church and Monarchy

SECUR'D, BY THE

RETURN

Of His Grace the D U K E of

ORMOND,

AND THE

Change of the Late MINISTRY.

20. June. 1711

OUR Tongues are loos'd, and our RESTORER'S come;
 But Rapture may a while like Fear be dumb.
 Let there be Light, ETERNAL WISDOM cry'd:
 Light sprung o'er All, and Gloomy Chaos dy'd.
 Let ORMOND Rule, the Sov'reign Voice was heard;
 And a New World, a First-day's Work appear'd.

Bless'd Island! Thy Defence from Foes, the Sea,
 From Venom Nature, and from Faction HE;
 Born of the Race, whose mild and ancient Sway,
 'Tis Pride to own; and Freedom to obey;
 By HEAVEN and ANNE indulg'd Thee once again,
 Pledge of Their Love, and Pattern of Their Reign.

As the Fam'd Oak, by Wonder doom'd to wait,
 Decay'd or Blooming, on the STUARTS Fate;
 So True the BUTLERS to the Royal Line,
 In Age, in Virtues, and in Fortune join.
 Long did the Realm implore Her Lord's Return,
 And longer yet His Grandfire's Absence mourn:
 Both to the same Imperial Star We owe,
 For CHARLES was then Restor'd, as ANNE is now.

Joy to the Church; an Altar let her raise,
 Grateful of Vigo Gold, while ORMOND's Praise,
 Join'd with the QUEEN's, like Incense mounts the Skies,
 And Party-Feuds shall be the Sacrifice.

No more shall Faction dictate Britain's Doom,
 And starve the Cause Abroad, to Bribe at Home:
 'Tions no more for unpaid Fleets be spent,
 ' Fraud, like Schism, plead Establishment.

The

The War their Market, Peace their Foe profess'd,
The Bank their Idol, and the Church their Jest.

Nor shall the spouting Tribe their Voices strain,
To stab the Passive Ears of ANNE again,
And LOYAL ZEAL in treas'rous Cant Arraign;
To damn Inherent Birth-right madly drive,
And only by Inherent Mercy live.

Resistance first against th' ALMIGHTY brought,
And down from Lucifer to H-----y Taught:
Adjudg'd at length to her congenial Hell
By Phipps and Harcourt exorcis'd so well;
Like the foul Spirit in the Gospel sped,
And tearing the Possess'd, with noisy Jargon fled.
But Oh the Fate! to perfect Worth unkind,
To shew the Way, but to be dropp'd behind!
To view the Promis'd Land, and then to Die
Like Moses, Rochester, and Angelsey!

Hibernia, Albion, Mourn, your Lover's gone,
Mourn as they mourn'd for you; but joy to own,
That this left a Great BROTHER, That a SON.
Think too, Oh think, and in that Thought be bless'd,
How by a present Miracle, confess'd,
Your common Angel Guarded HARLETER's Breast.
The same who barr'd the Stroke of Abr'am's Knife,
Or was He One who watch'd the Tree of LIFE?
That Ever-faithful Heart, where fix'd like Fate,
Auspicious ANNE, Thy Sacred Image sate,
The glancing Wound refus'd to violate;
As Flames arising at the Virgin's Fane,
In Rev'rence parted there, and clos'd again:
The breaking Weapon baulk'd the Russian's Will,
Like Dying G-----g in vain design'd to Kill;
But grac'd the Robes to Noble OXFORD due,
And from his Veins th'unborrow'd Purple drew.

Henceforth the Years on healing Wings advance,
And that Illustrious ÆRA leads the Dance.
When IRELAND's Fold by various Ills undone,
O'er-leap'd by Hirelings, and by Wolves o'er-run;
Bless'd the TRUE SHEPHERD Ent'ring at the Door,
And ANNE's Unblemish'd Hands restrain'd no more:
Began what David's were Deny'd to do,
Shed Hostile Blood, and Build the Temple too.